

Home Circle.

A FELLOW'S MOTHER.

"A fellow's mother," said Fred, the wise, With his rosy cheeks and his merry eyes, "Knows what to do, if a fellow gets hurt By a thump, or a bruise, or a fall in the dirt.

"A fellow's mother has bags and strings, Rags and buttons, and lots of things; No matter how busy she is, she'll stop To see how well you can spin your top.

"She does not care—not much I mean— If a fellow's face is not always clean; And if your trousers are torn at the knee, She can put in a patch that you'd never see.

"A fellow's mother is never mad, And only sorry if you're bad; And I will tell you this, if you're only true, She'll always forgive you, whate'er you do.

"I'm sure of this," said Fred, the wise, With a manly look in his laughing eyes, "I'll mind my mother, quick, every day; A fellow's a baby that don't obey."

—Selected.

A SUGGESTIVE, BUT IMPROBABLE STORY.

"Mother, can I go over to Bert Alling's to-night?"

"It seems to me you've been to Alling's every night for a month. Why don't you ever stay at home evening?" said Mrs. Norris in a fretful tone.

Will muttered something about having more fun away from home, and left the house with a duplicate of his mother's frown on his brow.

"Mother, can I go and see Miss Mell to-night?" said twelve-year-old Fred a few minutes later.

"Why, Fred Norris! you were there last week, and I don't believe your Sunday-school teacher wants you there all the time. Russel! if you pull that table cloth again, I'll slap you!"

"Yes, she does," whined Fred, in answer to the first part of his mother's speech; "she likes us boys, and she's nice, and tells us funny things, and sings to us."

"She wouldn't like you if you acted like this for her."

"Oh, I don't," said Fred, innocently, "I am always just as nice as I can be."

Sixteen year-old Fannie remained to help her mother with the tea things but when her work was done she presented herself in hat and jacket and asked, "Can I go to Edith Harvey's to-night?"

"How does it happen, child," the mother said, softening her fretful voice a little to this dear daughter, "that you go to Edith's so often while she never comes here."

"I don't invite Edith here," said Fannie, looking down. "The children are noisy and bad sometimes and everything is so nice at Edith's."

She went away, leaving her mother thinking soberly. Why did the children

go away so much? They were as well off as the Harveys. Why was everything nice there and not nice at home? Why was Fred as good as he could be for Miss Mell and a perfect little bear at home?

In that quiet hour many things came back to her. She meant to be a good mother, but were not her children growing away from her and finding congenial friends outside? Fanny had spoken to her of a much-talked-of article in the magazine, and she had answered fretfully, "Don't ask me, child; I have no time to read." "Edith and her mother read together and have such nice times talking about things," Fanny had said. Will came to her with a knotty passage of Cicero, and she said, "You must study it out yourself; I've forgotten all the Latin I ever knew." "Bert's mother takes up every lesson with him; she likes to review it," was the answer. Did her children think other mothers better than their own?

A few bitter tears came with this thought, and laying her sewing aside she called little Russel and overwhelmed him with caresses. "I will take time to know my children," she resolved, "even if I do get less done."

Then, like one whose conscience is aroused, she set to work. She could easily afford to have help, but she had wished to save. The next day a housemaid was installed in the kitchen. That evening Fanny read with her mother; Will worked his algebra under her supervision and found that she could explain to perfection. Music-loving Fred hung over her chair when she sat down at the piano to recall the skill of earlier days. "You sing as nice as Miss Mell," was his approving remark.

As weeks went on she found herself in closest sympathy with her children. All difficulties of controlling them were removed. The friction was removed from the daily life, and all seemed to move in beautifully ordered harmony. And the mother seeing the results of the change enlarge from day to day, thanked God that she had stopped to think in time.—Zella M. Brown, in *Christian Standard*.

[It is so easy to turn everything upside down in a minute when one is writing a story. It does not usually work that way in real life. But the warning and suggestion contained in this sketch are worth reading.—Editor Sabbath Reading.]

SLEEP IN SICKNESS.

Concerning sleep, in connection with sickness, there is a good deal of heresy regarding the matter, among otherwise well-informed people. "Don't let her sleep too long!" "Be sure to wake him

when it is time to give the medicine; it will be a great deal better for him not to sleep too long at one time!" How often we have heard these words, or words to that effect, when in fact, in nine cases out of ten, and very likely in ninety-nine out of a hundred, they were the exact opposite of the truth. Gentle, restful sleep is better than any medicine; and how often, even how almost invariably, does the "change for the better" for which anxious friends are waiting so prayerfully, come during sleep—making its first manifestation when the patient awakes with brightened eye, stronger voice, a faint tinge of returning health mantling the features, in place of the wan hue of threatening death! In the words of Sancho Panza, we may well say, "Blessed be the man who invented sleep!" There are, of course, critical situations in which a troubled, imperfect sleep may properly be broken to administer medicines; but in these latter days physicians, quite generally, give the caution that in case of restful sleep the patient is not to be awakened for the administering of medicines.—*Good House-keeper*.

"SO LOVED THAT HE GAVE."

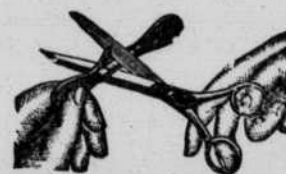
"A story is told of a child in Luther's time who had been taught to think of God with dread, as of a terrible judge.

"In her stern home the name of God had been mentioned only to terrify and frighten her. One day in her father's printing office, she picked up a scrap of paper, and found on it the first words of this verse, 'God so loved the world that He gave—'

"The remaining words were torn off; but even in this mere fragment there was a revelation to her. It told her that God loved the world well enough to give something. What He gave she did not know, but it was a great deal for Him to give anything to it.

"The new thought brought great joy to her heart. It changed all her conceptions of God. She learned to think of Him as one who loved her, as her friend, ready to give her rich gifts and all good, and this brightened and transformed her life." —*The Word and The Way*.

Lightning Scissors Sharpener.



Sample 25 cents in stamps.

Agents wanted everywhere. A ready selling and useful article, many thousand sold. Every family needs it. Special terms to all religious and benevolent societies. For particulars, address

J. A. Ridenour, Anderson, Ind.